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FIGHTIN' ARMY

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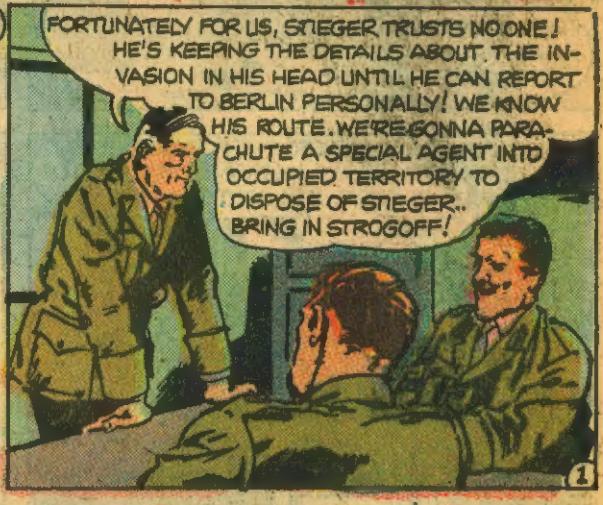
THE UNIVERSAL LAW OF BATTLE IS....AN EYE FOR AN EYE AND A LIFE FOR A LIFE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FORGIVE AND FORGET WHEN THE MEMORY OF YOUR LOVED ONES LINGERS ON IN YOUR BRAIN AND GNAWS AT YOUR SOUL! TO PAY FOR THOSE WHO WERE MURDERED--THE GUILTY MUST DIE! IF NAZIS KILLED YOUR FAMILY--THEN NAZIS MUST DIE TO REPAY THE DEBT! NOT EVEN THE MASTER RACE CAN ESCAPE RETRIBUTION....THEY CANNOT ELUDE...

The HAND of DEATH!

STIEGER IS A BRILLIANT OFFICER WHO HAS A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY.
HE IS A MASTER OF INTERROGATION AND ESPIONAGE TACTICS. HE HAS INFORMATION ABOUT THE D-DAY INVASION WHICH HE TORTURED OUT OF A CAPTURED O.S.S. AGENT!...LIGHTS PLEASE....


FORTUNATELY FOR US, STIEGER TRUSTS NO ONE! HE'S KEEPING THE DETAILS ABOUT THE INVASION IN HIS HEAD UNTIL HE CAN REPORT TO BERLIN PERSONALLY! WE KNOW HIS ROUTE. WE'RE GONNA PARACHUTE A SPECIAL AGENT INTO OCCUPIED TERRITORY TO DISPOSE OF STIEGER.. BRING IN STROGOFF!
1

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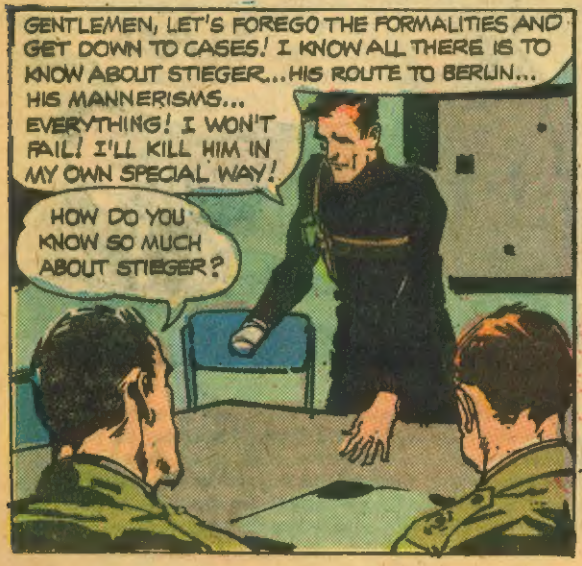
YOU CAN COME IN NOW, MR. STROGOFF!
THE DOOR TO THE SECRET, ALLIED CONFERENCE ROOM OPENED TO ADMIT THE MAN THE GENERAL HAD CALLED FOR...

VICTOR STROGOFF SILENTLY AND SUSPICIOUSLY EYED THE HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS IN THE ROOM. YEARS OF WORKING WITH THE O.S.S. HAD TAUGHT HIM TO BE A CAREFUL MAN.
GENTLEMEN, THIS IS VICTOR STROGOFF!

VICTOR IS A UKRANIAN WHO ESCAPED FROM THE NAZIS. HE'S BEEN WORKING WITH THE O.S.S. SINCE THEN. HE'S AN ENGINEER AND A MUNITIONS EXPERT! HE'S VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS SUICIDE MISSION BECAUSE HE KNOWS STIEGER.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, STROGOFF!

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE, GENERAL! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO KILL STIEGER FOR A LONG TIME!


GENTLEMEN, LET'S FOREGO THE FORMALITIES AND GET DOWN TO CASES! I KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT STIEGER... HIS ROUTE TO BERLIN... HIS MANNERISMS... EVERYTHING! I WON'T FAIL! I'LL KILL HIM IN MY OWN SPECIAL WAY!
HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT STIEGER?

HOW DO I KNOW STIEGER SO WELL? COULD I *FORGET* THE *MAN* WHO DID *THIS* TO ME? COULD I FORGET THE MAN *WHO* MURDERED MY PARENTS? NO! I REMEMBER IT ALL AS IF IT WERE HAPPENING AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
2

WHEN I FIRST ENCOUNTERED STIEGER, HE WAS CAPTAIN HANS VON STIEGER OF THE S.S.
HE AND HIS FELLOW GESTAPO CUTTHROATS CAME TO MY VILLAGE TO CAPTURE MY OLDER BROTHER, MIKHAIL WHO WAS A GORILLA FIGHTER.
THIS IS THE FAMILY OF THE GUERILLA, MIKHAIL STROGOFF, HERR CAPTAIN!
GOOD! I'LL QUESTION THE BROTHER FIRST!
WHEN STIEGER SAID "QUESTION"--HE MEANT TORTURE, BUT I WOULDN'T TELL THEM WHERE MY BROTHER WAS HIDING NO MATTER WHAT THEY DID TO ME!
I'VE BEATEN HIM FOR TWO HOURS AND HE HASN'T UTTERED A SOUND! STRETCH OUT HIS RIGHT HAND ON THE TABLE! I'LL MAKE HIM OPEN HIS MOUTH!
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! TELL ME WHERE YOUR BROTHER IS HIDING! STILL YOU WON'T SPEAK!
FOOL! OPEN YOUR MOUTH!
WHEN STIEGER REALIZED I WOULD NOT BREAK, HE TRIED TO GET AT ME THROUGH MY PARENTS. HE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE ME SPEAK...IT BECAME AN OBSESSION!
KEEP SILENT, MY SON! MAY GOD BLESS YOU FOR YOUR COURAGE!
WILL YOU LET YOUR PARENTS DIE OR WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW? YOUR SILENCE SEALS THEIR DEATH WARRANT! FIRE!
KA-BLAM
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS, STIEGER! I SWEAR ON MY PARENTS' GRAVES THAT YOU'LL DIE BY MY HAND
3

I LATER MANAGED TO ESCAPE TO ENGLAND WHERE I BEGAN TO WORK FOR THE O.S.S., BUT I NEVER FORGOT ABOUT STIEGER. MY PLAN TO ASSASSINATE HIM IS TRICKY AND DIFFICULT, BUT I'M SURE IT'LL BE SUCCESSFUL.
LET'S HEAR IT!

LATER, AFTER VICTOR FINISHED EXPLAINING...
IT'S A BRILLIANT PLAN, MY BOY!..BUT ARE YOU SURE THIS DEVICE OF YOURS IS UNDETECTABLE AND INFALLIBLE?
THE ONLY THING TO WORRY ABOUT IS TIMING! I MUST BE AT THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME! IF I AM--I'LL COME FACE TO FACE WITH STIEGER!

A WEEK LATER, ALL WAS IN READINESS FOR VICTOR'S MIDNIGHT PARACHUTE DROP INTO ENEMY TERRITORY!
HE'S OFF! GOOD LUCK, STROGOFF! A LOT DEPENDS ON YOU!

HUMPH! AN ALLIED PLANE! IT MUST HAVE AN IMPORTANT CARGO TO RISK FLYING OVER *THIS* TERRITORY! WELL, IT MATTERS NOT TO ME! ALL THAT CONCERNS ME IS THE BED I HAVE WAITING FOR ME IN THE NEXT TOWN!

BUT VICTOR STROGOFF HAD RUN OUT OF LUCK! A GERMAN PATROL SAW HIS CHUTE AGAINST THE FULL MOON!
LOOK! AN ENEMY PARACHUTIST! WE MUST CAPTURE HIM ALIVE!
4

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE! TAKE HIM ALIVE!
I'VE BEEN SPOTTED ALREADY!
IT APPEARED THAT VICTOR'S PLAN WAS DOOMED AT THE START!
POW!
AHHIEEE..
HE WAS SUBDUED EVEN BEFORE HE FINISHED UNBUCKLING HIS HARNESS!
ARRGH!
YOU ARE VERY FOOLISH MY SILENT FRIEND! DID YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU COULD PARACHUTE INTO THIS SECTOR AND ESCAPE CAPTURE? WE HAVE PATROLS EVERYWHERE IN THIS AREA!..THE GESTAPO WILL FIND OUT YOUR PURPOSE FOR BEING HERE!
VICTOR WAS TRANSPORTED TO GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE NEARBY TOWN! THEY QUESTIONED HIM--IN THE USUAL WAY, BUT GOT NO ANSWER.
WE BEAT HIM AND BEAT HIM AND HE DOESN'T EVEN GROAN! WHAT KIND OF MAN IS HE? WHY WON'T HE SPEAK?
WE MUST KNOW WHAT HIS MISSION WAS! IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT WE FIND IT OUT!
6

IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION, SIR...MAJOR VON STIEGER, THE NOTED INTERROGATOR, IS STOPPING OVER IN OUR TOWN TONIGHT ENROUTE TO BERLIN. I'M SURE HE WOULD GLADLY OFFER HIS ASSISTANCE IN AN IMPORTANT MATTER LIKE THIS!

A SPLENDID IDEA! I'LL SUMMON VON STIEGER AT ONCE!

LATER, OUTSIDE OF GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS...
WAIT HERE! THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG!
YES, MAJOR VON STIEGER.

I'M GLAD YOU COULD COME, HERR MAJOR! THIS IS A VERY DIFFICULT AND UNUSUAL CASE! I CANNOT GET THE PRISONER TO UTTER A SOUND AND I MUST KNOW HIS MISSION.
LEAD ME TO THIS MAN! I WILL BREAK HIM WITHIN THE HOUR!

VON STIEGER WAS QUICKLY LED TO THE ROOM WHERE VICTOR STROGOFF WAS BEING HELD...
IT IS BEST THAT I QUESTION HIM ALONE! I WILL CALL FOR YOU AS SOON AS HE REVEALS HIS MISSION TO ME!
OF COURSE, MAJOR! YOU ARE IN CHARGE!

W-WELCOME, VON STIEGER! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

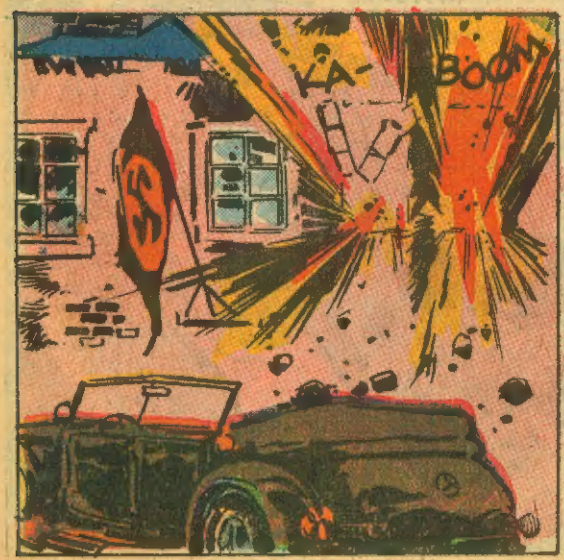
MY PRESENCE HERE HAS ALREADY LOOSENED YOUR TONGUE! I'M FLATTERED THAT YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH MY ABILITY TO MAKE MEN TALK!
YES, CUTTHROAT! I KNOW YOU AND YOUR MURDEROUS WAYS! WE KNOW EACH OTHER! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME, CAPTAIN VON STIEGER! ARE YOU AFRAID TO COME CLOSE TO LOOK AT ME? ARE YOU AFRAID OF WHAT YOU'LL SEE?
WHAT HAVE I TO FEAR FROM YOU? IF I KNOW YOU--I WILL REMEMBER YOU! I FORGOT NOTHING!
YES, THAT'S WHAT I WANT! FOR YOU TO REMEMBER!
I-I REMEMBER...
I-I REMEMBER IT ALL! I KILLED YOUR PARENTS! I CUT OFF YOUR RIGHT HAND!
Y-YOU'RE STROGOFF! STROGOFF, THE MAN I COULDN'T MAKE TALK!

B-BUT YOUR HANDS! YOU HAVE TWO HANDS! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
YES, I'M VICTOR STROGOFF, THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT SPEAK... THE MAN WHO SWORE TO KILL YOU WITH HIS OWN HANDS!

VICTOR'S SCHEME HAD WORKED PERFECTLY! EVERYTHING HAD GONE ACCORDING TO PLAN... HIS CAPTURE... THE GESTAPO'S INABILITY TO MAKE HIM SPEAK... AND THE CALLING IN OF VON STIEGER TO QUESTION HIM!
THIS IS A VERY LIFELIKE IMITATION LIMB, ISN'T IT? I INVENTED IT MYSELF--ESPECIALLY FOR YOU! IT WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF MY PLAN --IT HAD TO BE UNDETECTABLE IN ORDER FOR ME TO CARRY OUT MY MISSION.

M-MISSION? WHAT MISSION?
MY MISSION IS... TO KILL YOU! AND I'M GOING TO DO IT WITH MY OWN HANDS! I'M A WALKING BOMB! THAT'S PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES IN THE HOLLOW OF MY FALSE HAND! MY INDEX FINGER IS THE DETONATOR! I ONLY HAVE TO BEND IT TO EXPLODE THE CHARGES!

GUARDS! GUARDS! QUICKLY!
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH WAS AT HAND!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HA!... HA!... HA!


KA-BOOM

DEATH REACHED OUT OF HIS BONY HANDS. VICE-LIKE FINGERS CLOSED AROUND THEIR NECKS--SNAPPING THEIR BONES LIKE FRAIL TWIGS, AND AS HE GATHERED UP THE SPIRITS OF THE DECEASED, HIS CHILLING VOICE ECHOED THROUGHOUT THE RUBBLE... ..."VENGEANCE IS MINE!"
END

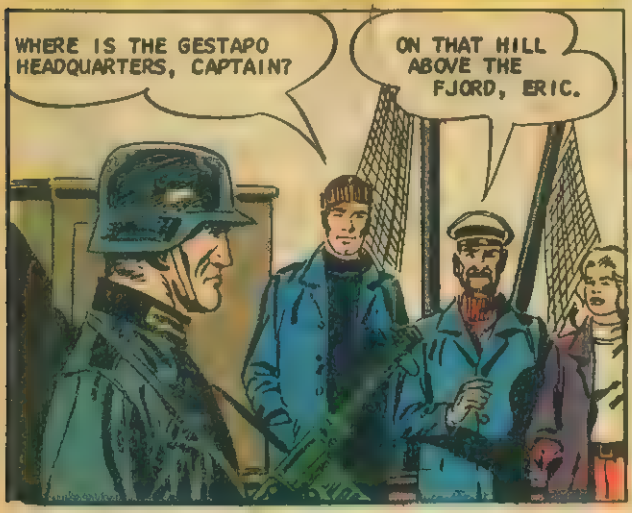
The PRISONER
HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE O.S.S. -- FORERUNNER OF THE C.I.A. -- AND IN NORWAY TO GATHER INFORMATION ON THE ACTIVITIES OF A TEAM OF GERMAN SCIENTISTS WORKING ON ATOMIC WEAPONS... THE MAN CALLED YENSEN WAS ALMOST TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT WHEN THE GESTAPO CAUGHT HIM!
SCHILLER, IF YOU'VE KILLED HIM, I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT!
BLAM
HE WAS ESCAPING, HERR MACKIN!
HE HAD NO TIME TO TAKE THE POISON... THE GESTAPO WILL KEEP HIM ALIVE...LONG ENOUGH TO PRY SOME SECRETS FROM HIS MIND!
NICHOLAS AJASCIA
D-6705
1

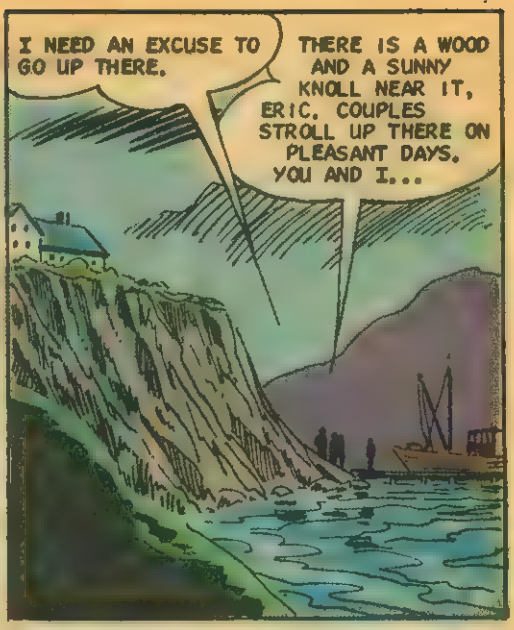
CAST OFF, HELGA. THE AMERICAN HAS BEEN CAPTURED ...BUT WE MUST KEEP HIS RENDEZVOUS!
DO YOU HAVE A PERMIT FOR LEAVING THE HARBOR AFTER DARK, KAPITAN?
JAH, HERR KAPITAN. THIS IS TRUDI... ONE OF THE NIGHT FLEET.
LET THEM GO. TRUDI IS ONE OF THE TRAWLERS THAT FISHES THE GROUNDS AT NIGHT. THEY SUPPLY THE THIRD REICH WITH MUCH FISH TO HELP US WIN THE WAR.
BE ALERT, HELGA. WHEN WE REACH THE OPEN SEA, I MUST GIVE THE SIGNAL. ONE WHITE AND TWO RED FLASHES.
OFF THE MOUTH OF THE FJORD THERE WAS EMPTINESS...OR WAS IT AS DESERTED AS IT SEEMED?
GET THE RUBBER RAFT OVER. BRING YENSEN ABOARD. WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR THESE WATERS.
AYE, AYE, SKIPPER.
2

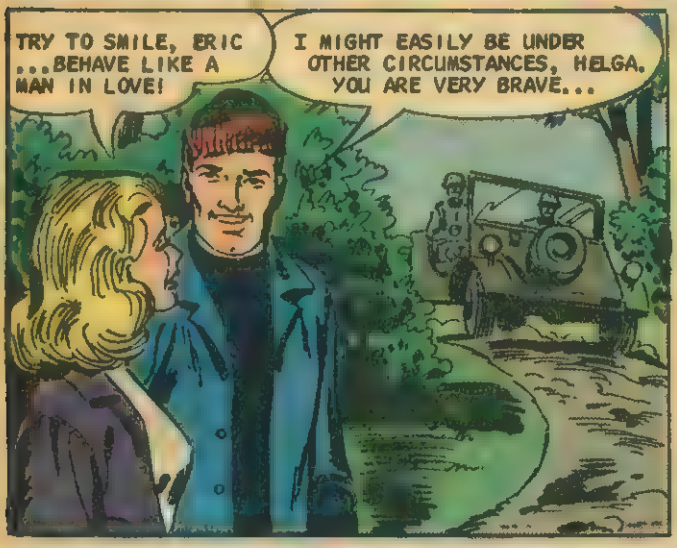
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

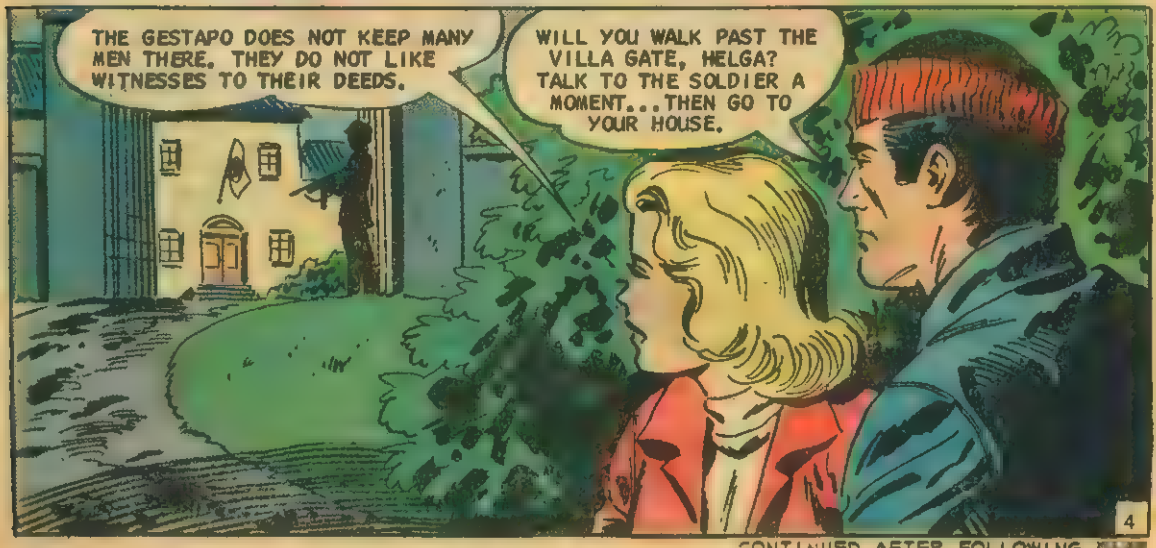
WHERE IS HE, CAPTAIN?
THE ACCURSED GESTAPO CAUGHT HIM...NOT TWENTY YARDS FROM MY BOAT.
YENSEN WOULD NEVER LET THEM TAKE HIM ALIVE, OLAF. HE...
HE WAS SHOT...HE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS. THE GESTAPO HAVE HIM.
LT. ANDERS RETURNED TO THE SUBMARINE. THIS WAS AN EMERGENCY!
THE JOB'S OUT OF OUR HANDS NOW, ERIC. THE O.S.S. BOYS WILL HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT'S TO BE DONE.
I'M AFRAID I'VE BEEN GIVEN THAT ASSIGNMENT, CAPTAIN. PLEASE READ THIS, SIR.
NAVAL INTELLIGENCE? AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST AN UNUSUALLY BRILLIANT SUBMARINE OFFICER.
I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT, SIR. NAVAL INTELLIGENCE ORDERED ME TO ACCEPT THIS ADDITIONAL DUTY.
LT. ERIC ANDERS, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OFF USS NIGHTFIN, AND WITH COLLATERAL DUTIES IN NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, BOARDED THE NORWEGIAN TRAWLER...WHILE USS NIGHTFIN SLOWLY SUBMERGED.
GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS IN OUR VILLAGE IS IN BJORN ALDRIN'S HOUSE. HERR ALDRIN WAS ARRESTED BY THE GESTAPO.
YOU WILL SHOW ME THE HOUSE, HELGA.
PIER
3

FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT, CAPT. LUDI TRAWLED FOR FISH. AT MID-MORNING, TRUDI TIED UP AND THE NORWEGIAN DOCK CREWS BEGAN UNLOADING THE FISH TO BE FREIGHTED SOUTH INTO GERMANY.




I NEED AN EXCUSE TO GO UP THERE.
THERE IS A WOOD AND A SUNNY KNOLL NEAR IT, ERIC. COUPLES STROLL UP THERE ON PLEASANT DAYS. YOU AND I...



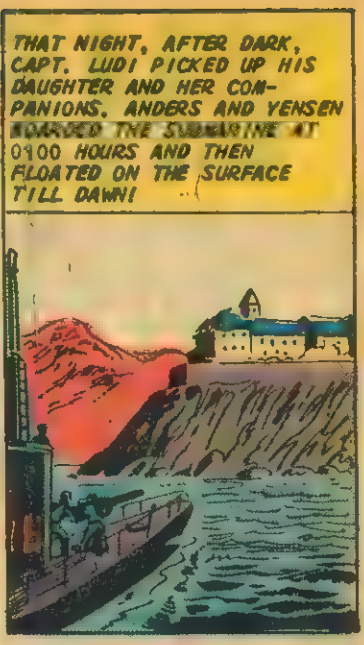

THE GESTAPO DOES NOT KEEP MANY MEN THERE. THEY DO NOT LIKE WITNESSES TO THEIR DEEDS.
WILL YOU WALK PAST THE VILLA GATE, HELGA? TALK TO THE SOLDIER A MOMENT...THEN GO TO YOUR HOUSE.

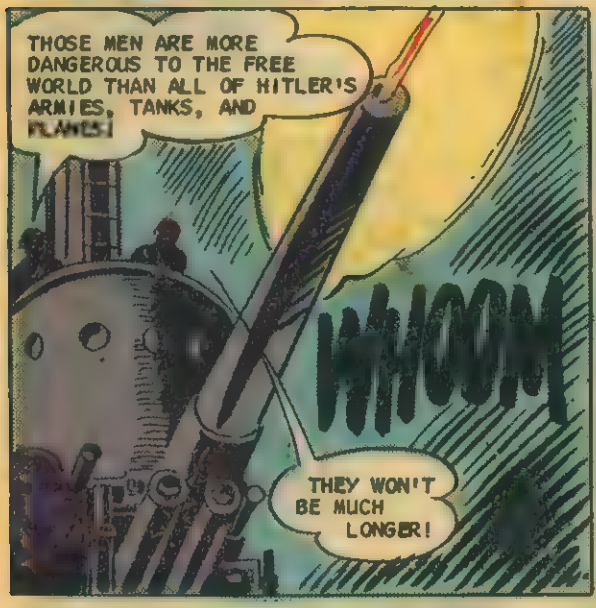
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING

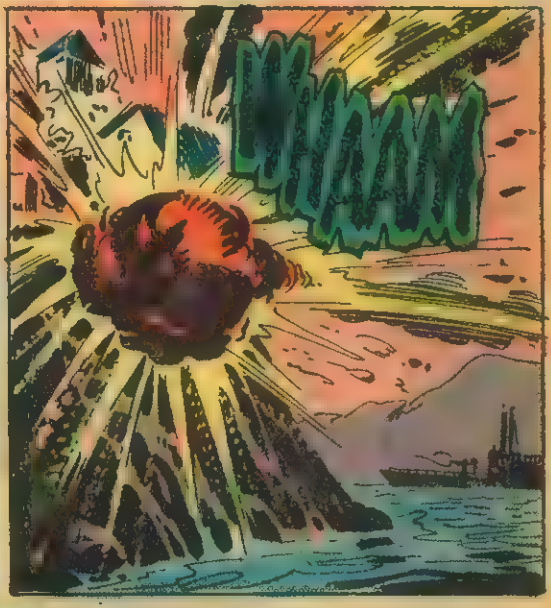
CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT TIME IT IS, CORPORAL?
I AM NOT ALLOWED TO TALK ON DUTY, FRAULEIN...
EEEAAAHH!
THAT'S YENSEN ...THEY'RE IN THE CELLAR!
I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR HAND, TRAITOR! NOW, TELL US WHO...UNGH!
PFFT
PFFT
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME HERE. I WOULD HAVE TAKEN MY OWN LIFE BEFORE I WOULD BETRAY OTHERS!
PFFT

HELGA HID THEM ON A SUN-DRENCHED HILL ALL DAY. THEY ATE SAUSAGE AND CHEESE AND RELAXED, WAITING FOR DARKNESS...

THE NAZI SCIENTISTS HAVE AN ADVANCE LABORATORY IN THE NEW BUILDING ON THE HILL. IF THAT CAN BE DESTROYED...
I THINK WE JUST MIGHT DAMAGE THAT, SIR.

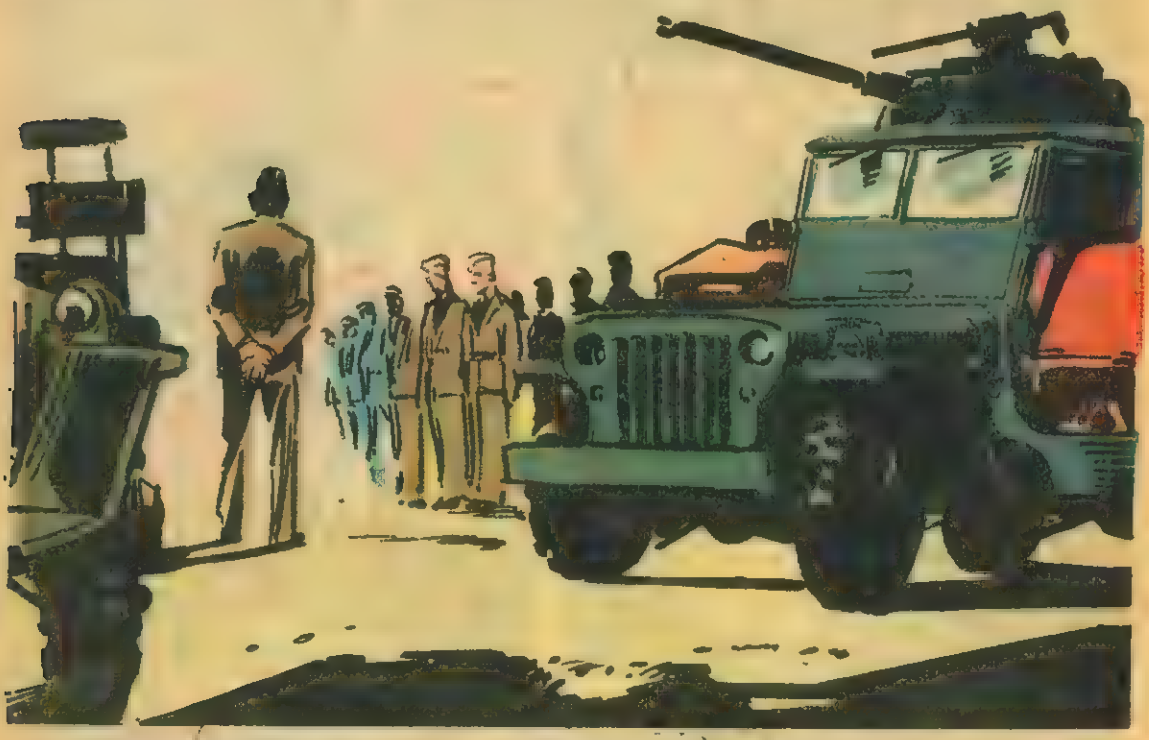

THAT NIGHT, AFTER DARK, CAPT. LUDI PICKED UP HIS DAUGHTER AND HER COMPANIONS. ANDERS AND YENSEN BOARDED THE SUBMARINE AT 0100 HOURS AND THEN FLOATED ON THE SURFACE TILL DAWN!





USS NIGHTFIN PUMPED IN A DOZEN ROUNDS, THEN QUIETLY SUBMERGED AND HEADED FOR DEEP WATER AND HOME...
THOSE SCIENTISTS WERE ALMOST FINISHED WORKING ON AN ATOMIC BOMB...AT LEAST WE SAVED THE WORLD FROM THAT!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, MY FRIEND. PERHAPS SOME OTHER NATION IS WORKING ON AN ATOMIC BOMB OF THEIR OWN!
316
END

THE BEST FIGHTIN' MACHINE IN THE WORLD!



Young Pete Darby didn't know what he wanted to be, but everyone who knew his family never wondered what the future held for the boy. They knew he'd be a soldier.

Soldierin' was in his blood. It was part of his family heritage and he couldn't deny his true calling. Could he? The Army would make a man out of the Darby's only son. Pete was groomed to be a soldier.

The Darbys had a list of war veterans as long as a cannon ramrod. Now, it was Pete's turn to lay his life on the line. It was his turn to fight.

The Red Chinese were having a field day in Korea. The Army needed men — good men who were willing to fight and die. It was Pete's big chance to show what he could do. His duty to God, to his country and to his family was clear.

It didn't matter if he had reservations about killing other human beings. A boy of eighteen wasn't old enough to analyze every neurotic feeling he experienced. He was only old enough to follow orders.

The Darbys couldn't have been prouder than they were on the day that Pete enlisted. The family tradition would be preserved. Young Pete was going over to Korea to kill some gooks. The Commie's wouldn't have a chance with boys like Pete in the opposing trenches.

"Remember," said Pete's D.I. as he addressed the new recruits. "You boys are American soldiers. You're good, old U.S. G.I.'s! When you come out of boot camp, you'll be the best fightin' machines in the world. You

can't be beaten in combat. You're the best! We've never lost a war! Remember that!"

"The best fightin' machine in the world," Pete whispered to himself as he stood at attention. "The best — that's what I'll be," he assured himself.

From that day on, Pete never worried about what it would be like to kill a man. He concentrated on becoming a machine of death. Military training would take the irritating, human element out of his hide and toughen up his skin at the same time. He wouldn't have to doctor the festering thought that he might not be able to snuff out a human life! A soldier doesn't think! He acts! A fightin' man is a well-oiled machine! Press a button and it cocks the rifle! Flick the switch and it pulls the trigger! Pull the lever and it kills!

"I'm the best fightin' machine in the world," Pete Darby boasted to himself as he marched down the gangplank and got his first glimpse of South Korea.

"When the Sergeant says jump — I jump! When the Sergeant says move out — I move out! When the Sergeant says shoot to kill — I shoot!"

Things had been going bad up on the line. Gooks had been swarming over United Nation's troops like bees around a broken jar of honey. U.S. casualties were heavy. The front line troops needed a boost in the arm. The Commies were gobbling up sector after sector and were pushing the good guys down the slopes as if sleds were a part of every G.I.'s combat gear. The Brass decided that it would take a massive, suicidal counter - attack to gain back what was lost — and the only expendable troops were the fresh, but green recruits.

The word came down as soon as Darby's platoon was in position at the front. "Get ready! We're gonna' charge the slope. Watch out for the gooks! They're well entrenched at the summit!" the Sergeant called out.

It was a black night. The blackest Darby had ever seen. The terrain was barren and desolate. The hill they were ordered to take, didn't even have a name — only a number. It didn't seem like the place was worth dying for. It didn't seem worth the trouble. The whole thing seemed meaningless.

"Let's go, men!" shouted the C.O. "Move out!" The men crawled out of their holes. Up the slope they moved — inching their way forward to meet an unseen enemy who was reducing their number at will.

Shell fire lit up the sky like hundreds of tiny, burning, red novas. Onward and upward they moved. G.I.'s were dropping dead in their tracks, but the troopers couldn't return fire because they couldn't see anything to shoot at. All hell was breaking loose!

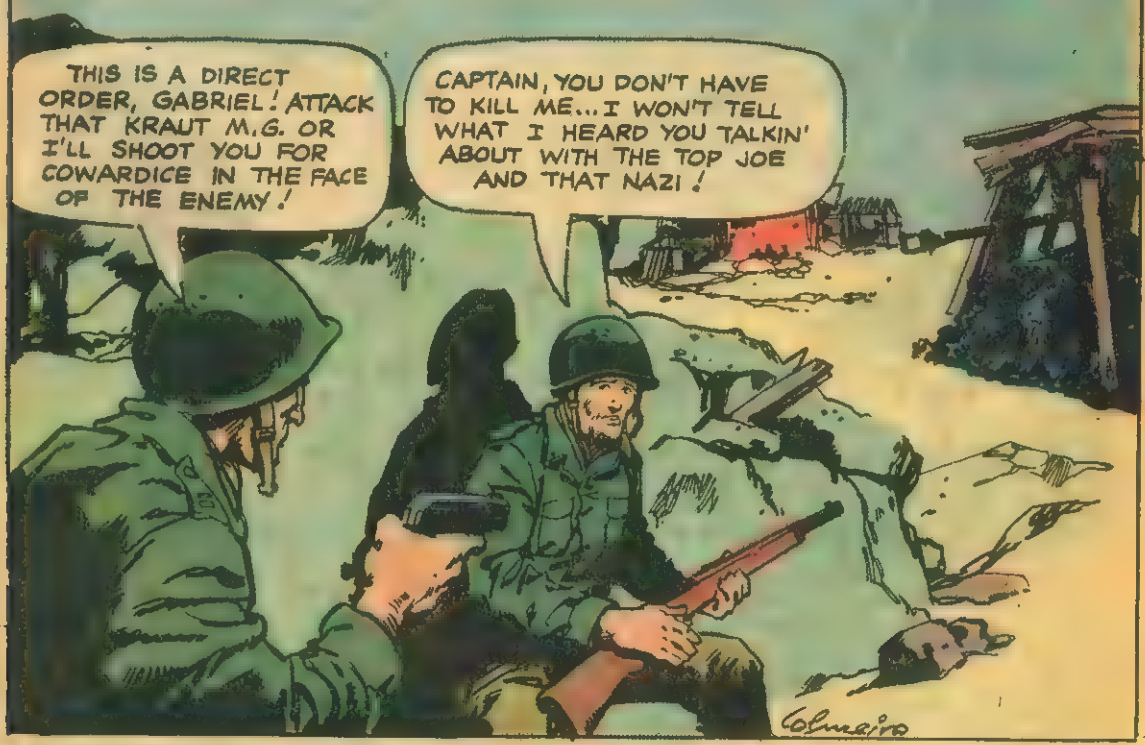
Suddenly, there was something to shoot at! The first wave reached the trenches. Darby caught an unarmed Commie by surprise! The gook was at Darby's mercy. One well-aimed bayonet thrust would do it. Darby raised his rifle and hesitated. Could he kill a helpless man, who was literally begging for his life?

"Hell! I'm the best fightin' machine in the world!" he screamed as the blade pierced the gook's chest cavity. He retracted his bloody blade from the dead body and leaped into the trench.

His parents would be proud of him. Their machine was in working order.

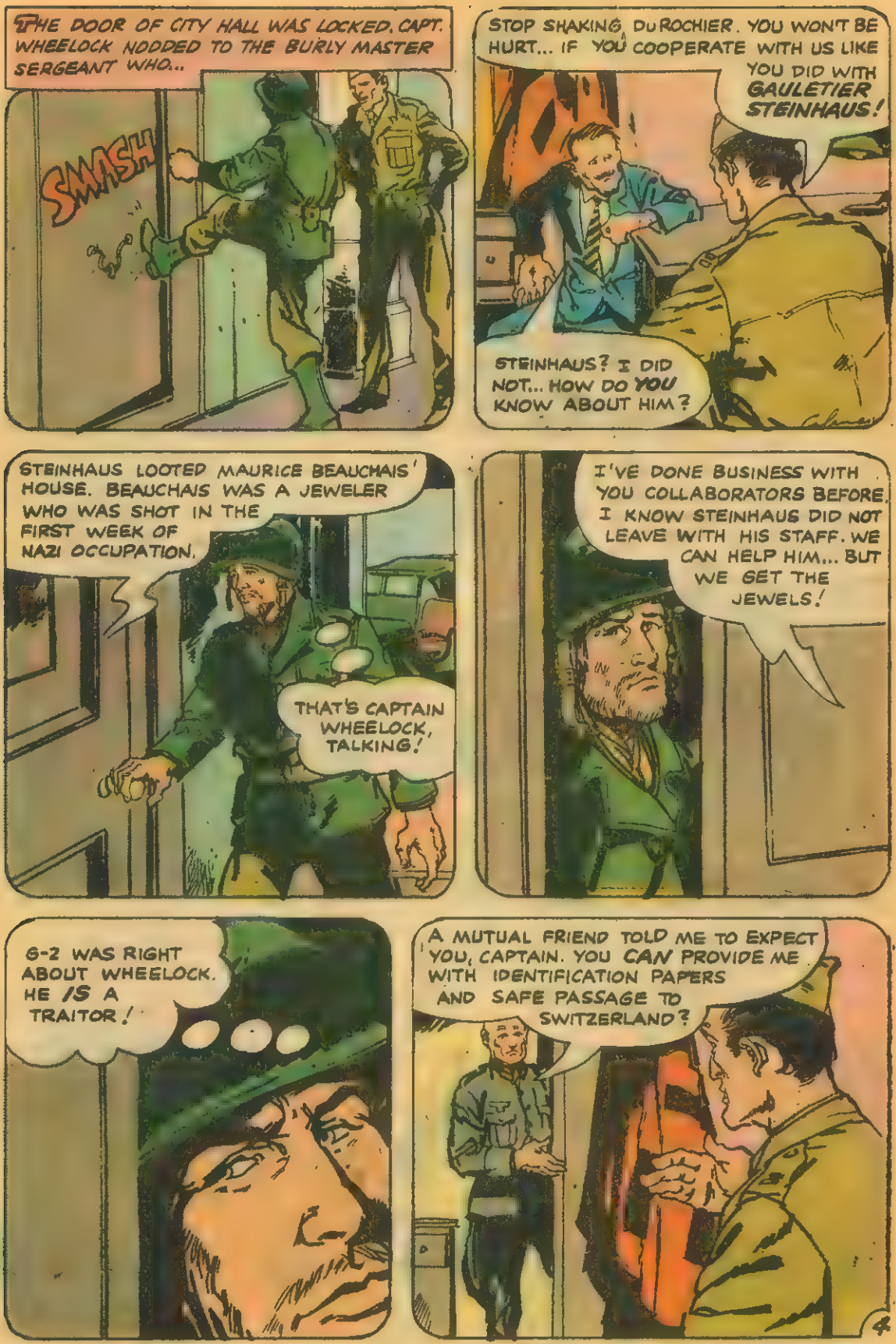
the ENEMIES

CAPTAIN WHEELOCK GAVE CPL. GABRIEL A DIRECT ORDER... AND THE INFANTRYMAN KNEW IF HE OBEYED IT, THE GERMAN MACHINE GUN WOULD TEAR HIM APART... IF HE REFUSED, CAPT. WHEELOCK WAS READY TO KILL HIM WITH THE COLT .45 HE HELD IN HIS FIST!

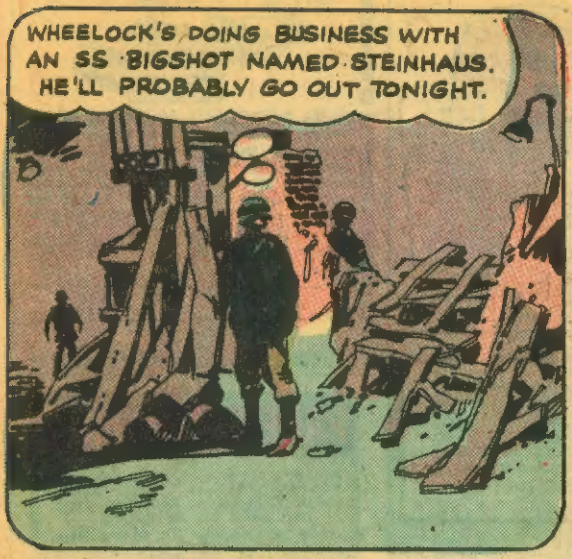

THIS IS A DIRECT ORDER, GABRIEL! ATTACK THAT KRAUT M.G. OR I'LL SHOOT YOU FOR COWARDICE IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY!
CAPTAIN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL ME... I WON'T TELL WHAT I HEARD YOU TALKIN' ABOUT WITH THE TOP JOE AND THAT NAZI!
Colmeiro

PUT YOUR GUN AWAY, CAPTAIN. I'LL JUST GIVE HIM ABOUT SIX SLUGS IN THE BELLY. YOU'LL BE MY WITNESS!
W-WAIT A MINUTE! I'LL OBEY THE ORDER, CAPTAIN!
KILLING ME WOULDN'T BOTHER THEM A BIT. THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO KEEP FROM BEING EXPOSED AS TRAITORS!
GET HIM NOW, CUTSHAW!
IF WE MISS, THE NAZIS WILL GET HIM!
ZIE AMERIKANER IST VERRÜCKT!
IT'S OPEN SEASON ON JIM GABRIEL!

I SAID HE WAS CRAZY, SCHOERNER, BUT MAYBE NOT! TWO OF HIS COMRADES WERE ALSO TRYING TO KILL HIM WHILE HE RAN INTO THE FIELD!
I CAN SEE HIM, CAP! I WON'T MISS THIS TIME!
YOUR TARGET IS NOW THE AMERICANS BEHIND THE STONE WALL. DO NOT FIRE AT THE MAN IN THE FIELD!
WATCH IT, WHEELOCK!
THE IDIOTS! WHY ARE THEY FIRING AT US?
IT'S MY OWN FAULT... I SHOULD'VE BEEN MORE CAREFUL IN STE. GERVAISE.
STE. GERVAISE, A SMALL FRENCH VILLAGE WHERE THERE HAD BEEN LITTLE FIGHTING, HAD BEEN OCCUPIED BY AMERICAN TROOPS FIVE DAYS EARLIER! THE GERMANS WERE EAST OF THE TOWN... THEY HAD OCCUPIED IT FOR YEARS!
DU ROCHIER WAS THE MAYOR. HE WAS ALWAYS A NAZI COLLABORATOR.
HE'S THE MAN WE WANT, RAFE. HE'LL PUT US IN TOUCH WITH THE NAZI WHO'S GOT THE JEWELRY!


THE DOOR OF CITY HALL WAS LOCKED. CAPT. WHEELOCK NODDED TO THE BURLY MASTER SERGEANT WHO..
SMASH
STOP SHAKING, DuROCHIER. YOU WON'T BE HURT... IF YOU COOPERATE WITH US LIKE YOU DID WITH GAULETIER STEINHAUS!
STEINHAUS? I DID NOT... HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?
STEINHAUS LOOTED MAURICE BEAUCHAIS' HOUSE. BEAUCHAIS WAS A JEWELER WHO WAS SHOT IN THE FIRST WEEK OF NAZI OCCUPATION.
THAT'S CAPTAIN WHEELOCK, TALKING!
I'VE DONE BUSINESS WITH YOU COLLABORATORS BEFORE. I KNOW STEINHAUS DID NOT LEAVE WITH HIS STAFF. WE CAN HELP HIM... BUT WE GET THE JEWELS!
G-2 WAS RIGHT ABOUT WHEELOCK. HE IS A TRAITOR!
A MUTUAL FRIEND TOLD ME TO EXPECT YOU, CAPTAIN. YOU CAN PROVIDE ME WITH IDENTIFICATION PAPERS AND SAFE PASSAGE TO SWITZERLAND?

OF COURSE, HERR STEINHAUS... IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT!
GAULETIER STEINHAUS WAS ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS SS COMMANDERS IN EUROPE. HE HAS TO PAY FOR HIS CRIMES!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT BEFORE WHEELOCK SPOTS ME!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE, CORPORAL? THE BUILDING IS OFF LIMITS!
YES, SIR, I KNOW, LIEUTENANT. I...I THOUGHT I SAW A G.I. GOING IN THAT DOOR!
I'LL CHECK, CORPORAL. REJOIN YOUR SQUAD
WELL, LT. LIPINSKY? YOU IGNORE OFF LIMITS SIGNS?
NO, SIR, BUT CPL. GABRIEL SAID HE SAW A G.I. COME IN HERE. HE WAS LOOKING WHEN I CAME ALONG. I SENT HIM BACK TO HIS UNIT!
HE WAS MISTAKEN, LIEUTENANT. M/SGT CUTSHAW AND I WERE INTERROGATING MAYOR DUROCHIER. DISMISSED!
I GOTTA SHUT G[illegible]RIEL'S MOUTH, CAPTAIN. IF HE GETS TO G-2...
FIND HIM AND [illegible]NG HIM TO ME, [illegible] HUER[illegible]

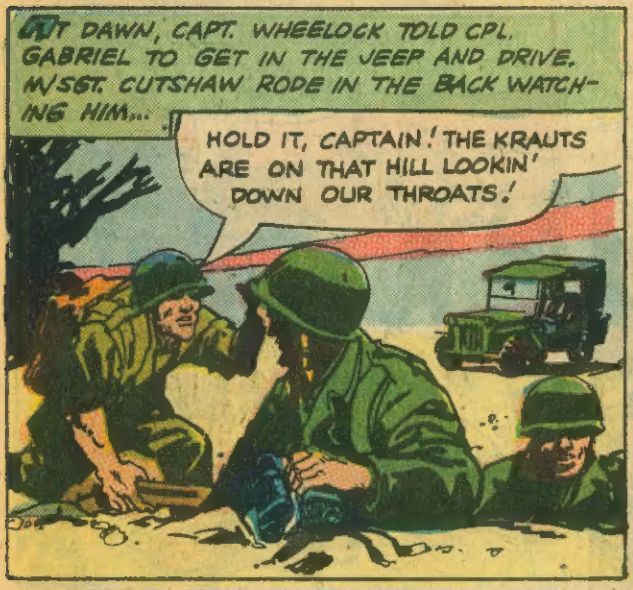


CAPT. WHEELOCK HAD PREPARED FOR THIS INTERVIEW. MAYOR DUROCHIER WAS HANDCUFFED, A PRISONER IN HIS FORMER OFFICE, AND CAPT. WHEELOCK WAS BEHIND HIS DESK!
LT. LIPINSKY SAW YOU LEAVING THIS BUILDING, CORPORAL. DIDN'T YOU SEE THE OFF LIMITS SIGN ON THE DOOR?
YES, SIR. THAT'S WHY I CHECKED. I THOUGHT A GROUNDPOUNDER CAME IN HERE.

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST, HERR STEINHAUS! FIRST, THE JEWELS!
SHOW ME THE IDENTIFICATION PAPERS AND TRAVEL PERMITS, HERR CAPTAIN!

THESE ESTABLISH ME AS A CITIZEN OF ALSACE-LORRAINE. THE TRAVEL PERMIT AUTHORIZES ME TO JOURNEY TO MARSEILLES.
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN FROM THERE, STEINHAUS. DUROCHIER WILL GIVE YOU CIVILIAN CLOTHES. YOU'D BETTER LEAVE AT ONCE!


AT DAWN, CAPT. WHEELOCK TOLD CPL. GABRIEL TO GET IN THE JEEP AND DRIVE. M/SGT. CUTSHAW RODE IN THE BACK WATCHING HIM...
HOLD IT, CAPTAIN! THE KRAUTS ARE ON THAT HILL LOOKIN' DOWN OUR THROATS!

CPL. GABRIEL HAD NO ILLUSIONS... HE KNEW WHEELOCK AND CUTSHAW COULDN'T LET HIM LIVE IF HE KNEW WHAT THEY WERE!
OBEY THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS OR I'LL KILL YA RIGHT HERE!

MAJOR GRAY SHOULD'VE BEEN ALERTED BY NOW!

THERE'S WHEELOCK'S JEEP, TUCKER. PARK NEXT TO IT... THEY WON'T BE FAR AWAY!

KILL HIM, YOU IDIOT! IF HE GETS WORD TO G-2 ABOUT...
HE ALREADY HAS, CAPTAIN. BOTH OF YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!
ARMY INTELLIGENCE! GET HIM, RAFE!
WE'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED AND SHOT, CUTSHAW. WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER TO THEIR SIDE. I HAVE A CONTACT IN HIMMLER'S OFFICE AND WE'LL BE SAFE!
WE'LL SURRENDER TO THE KRAUTS, WHEELOCK. IT'S THE ONLY WAY!
THEY'RE SURRENDERING TO THE NAZIS! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
THE GERMAN N.C.O. WAS NO STRANGER TO TREACHERY... CORRUPTION... AND HE GUESSED THAT THESE AMERICANS WERE SIMILAR TO THE SCUM WHO HAD BETRAYED HIS OWN COUNTRY. AS THEY CAME CLOSER HE SAID ONE WORD...
FEUER
I THINK THE GERMANS KNEW... THE KIND OF MEN WHEELOCK AND CUTSHAW WERE!
END